What are the bad effects? First, not only would such a bill kill the "pork barrel" projects, it would virtually kill all legitimate projects. The Grand River Basin proposals, where benefits would be $1.50 for every $1 cost, fit into this category. How can regions or even States be expected to come up with the multiple millions? Second, why penalize the States which are already behind in water resources development? Similar projects in Nebraska, Kansas, South Dakota, Arkansas, and other States have been paid for in Federal funds. Why change policy at this time to further delay the States already far behind in this area? And we should keep in mind that Federal dollars spent to conserve our water supply, so it can meet future anticipated demands, are dollars well spent.

H.R. 9903

EXTENSION OF REMARKS
OF
HON. ROBERT T. SECREST
OF OHIO
IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES
Tuesday, April 28, 1964

Mr. SECREST. Mr. Speaker, under leave to extend my remarks in the RECORD, I include the following resolution adopted by the Ohio Coal Association in Cleveland, April 17, 1964:

RESOLUTION OF THE OHIO COAL ASSOCIATION, ADOPTED IN CLEVELAND, APRIL 17, 1964

Whereas the so-called Transportation Act of 1964 (H.R. 9903), now before the Committee on Rules of the House of Representatives, was reported out of the Committee on Interstate and Foreign Commerce in absence of public hearings on its most controversial provisions—a procedure in direct contradiction to traditional and accepted standards of equitable legislative action; and

Whereas H.R. 9903 provides for repeal of the commodities clause of the Interstate Commerce Act, a law enacted in 1906 after prolonged careful study and properly conducted hearings produced incontrovertible evidence that grave abuses and violations of America's competitive system occur when railroads—operating under the privilege of public utility status—are permitted to engage in the mining, transportation, and marketing of their own products; and

Whereas H.R. 9903 further provides for revision of the Interstate Commerce Act in such a way as to bring higher shipping costs for coal moving by water transportation, and

Whereas such injudicious and improperly contrived legislation would seriously impair Ohio's coal industry and have a disastrous effect on the economy of mining communities; and

Whereas the president of a leading midwestern railroad has publicly stated that H.R. 9903 would be detrimental to some carriers; and

Whereas opposition has also been expressed by grain shippers and farmer organizations as well as by sand, gravel, and other producers of bulk commodities: Now, therefore, be it

Resolved, That the Ohio Coal Association implores members of the House Rules Committee to refuse to move H.R. 9903 to the House floor unless and until it is returned to the original committee for necessary revision—under time-honored rules of procedure, including public hearings on all sections in question; be it further

Resolved, That the Ohio Coal Association request by copy of this statement that all members of the Ohio delegation in the House and Senate make known their opposition to H.R. 9903 in its present form and exert every effort to have the bill either returned to the Interstate and Foreign Commerce Committee or tabled permanently in the Committee on Rules.

A Connecticut Scholar Looks at Life

EXTENSION OF REMARKS
OF
HON. WILLIAM L. ST. ONGE
OF CONNECTICUT
IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES
Tuesday, April 28, 1964

Mr. ST. ONGE. Mr. Speaker, under leave to extend my remarks, I wish to insert into the RECORD the text of an excellent article published in the magazine section of the Hartford Courant on Sunday, April 26, 1964. The article is written by the well-known newspaperman, Joe De Bona, who is the Courant's correspondent in the New London-Groton area of Connecticut in my congressional district.

Mr. De Bona's article is based on an interview he had with Dr. Odell Shepard, who is presently engaged in the writing of a definitive history of New London, Conn., a city which dates back to 1646 and is one of the oldest in the Nation. Dr. Shepard is a great scholar, a former professor of English, a noted historian and writer, a poet and novelist, author of a Pulitzer Prize winning biography, a philosopher, and a former Democratic Lieutenant Governor of Connecticut during the years 1941–43. The article is most interesting, particularly Dr. Shepard's philosophical views mentioned at the conclusion.

I commend it to the attention of my colleagues:

A VISIT WITH ODELL SHEPARD: SCHOLAR AT WORK

(By Boe De Bona)

(Pulitzer Prize winner and ex-public official, now absorbed in his "most significant" project, looks at the philosophy of writing, at history and life.)

At the age of 79, Pulitzer Prize Winner Odell Shepard, former Trinity College professor and once Lieutenant Governor of Connecticut, is tackling with all his creative energy what he believes may be the longest, the last, and most significant literary work of his distinguished career.

It's hard work, too—a ditchdigging, enervating sort of job.

Dr. Shepard, in collaboration with his son, Willard, is writing a definitive "History of New London." To compound the inherent difficulties, he intends that this book be read and enjoyed—not shoved into the basement stacks of a few libraries to be camouflaged by cobwebs and screened from all but an occasional dedicated scholar.

"We are not doing a reference book," said Shepard caustically, when I talked to him in his rambling Jordan Cove home in Waterford, only a few miles from New London. "If that's what you want, there is always the telephone directory, in order to make those early people live, we must place our own interpretation on the facts. We wish to bring the soul of old New London into this book."

Dr. Shepard, wearing a worn tweed jacket, slacks, and sneakers, made it clear he first started to think about the history when he moved to Waterford from Hartford 17 years ago. Then a gestation period ensued. He did not start the actual work until 1959, when he was commissioned for the monumental task by the New London County Historical Society headed by Dwight C. Lyman.

Since then Dr. Shepard—alert, indefatigable and still enthusiastic—has engaged in exhaustive research; to date he has amassed nearly a million words of notes on New London history.

"The task now is to incorporate and interpret them," he mused, as he walked the floor of his living room puffing on a venerable pipe. "It is our wish to communicate with the reader—to convey to him the sorrow, the failure, and the horror, the utter grief and ecstasy experienced by these people of early New London. They were English people who came here. How did they change into American people? One hears a bird song and wonders if that was the way it sounded years ago. I am convinced that history is made now—by the writer—through his interpretation."

Unlike those tiresome amateurs who talk incessantly about writing but seldom get around to it, Dr. Shepard, a real pro, displayed an understandable reluctance to discuss the essence of the history, target date for completion, or his work pattern.

"I would rather not say when the book will be finished," he declared. "Just that we are definitely working on it."

He doesn't have any set time for writing, he added.

I am an early riser, and often get up at 3 in the morning," he reported. "I do a lot of reading then. In fact, I read a great deal, and in a wilder field than one might suppose. I feed the old brain with data, then spend most of my time thinking about what it means. This is where most of my time goes—gulping down all the facts I can, then ruminating. The facts have meaning in my records."

Dr. Shepard indicated this work does not go as rapidly as he would like.

"I used to write like the wind," he said ruefully.

A highly articulate man with the flexible voice of an actor, Dr. Shepard can use words as adroitly—and as devastatingly—as an experienced field hand handles a machete. He sparkles as he propounds iconoclastic ideas and theories: He obviously enjoys sitting back and observing the shocked reaction he has evoked. Beneath his somewhat crusty facade, however, one can discern a vast tolerance for the foibles of mankind, an almost puckish sense of humor.

He has been watching me chainsmoke cigarettes with an abandon that should put new heart into the tobacco industry.

"May I have one of those?" he asked finally, putting aside his pipe.

"Why, certainly, sir," I said.

"Aren't you afraid of cancer with all those doctors' reports?" he inquired slyly.

"I don't want to live forever," I told him bravely.

His mobile face twisted as he tried to conceal a grin. Then he nodded approvingly and lighted up.

"A very good cigarette," he said.

Dr. Shepard is not only a historian but also a noted poet, essayist, biographer, critic, novelist, musician, stimulating conversationalist, and philosopher—although a fairly mordant philosopher. He has been a teacher, a newspaperman (he contributed at one time to the Courant and Christian Science Monitor) and politician. As a young man, he worked for papers in Chicago and Los Angeles.

"I enjoyed the excitement of the Loop, but I wasn't a very good reporter," he said disparagingly.

The author of many enduring literary works, Dr. Shepard was Goodwin professor of English at Trinity College in Hartford, where he taught and scintillated from 1917 to 1946. It was during his Trinity tenure, in 1937, that he won the Pulitzer Prize in

biography with his "Pedlar's Progress," the life of Bronson Alcott, who was born on a Wolcott, Conn., farm in 1799. Shepard's treatment of Alcott, the apostle of the Transcendental Movement and father of Louisa May Alcott (author of "Little Women"), was imaginary, although based firmly on factual material found in the protagonist's voluminous journals and correspondence.

As a result, Alcott, peddler and teacher far ahead of his time, lives in the pages of Shepard's book; it is this readable aliveness which Shepard is determined to achieve with his nascent "History of New London."

Although Shepard was born on "a hard scrabble farm of three rooms in a gopher town" near Rockford, Ill., "close to the mud of the Mississippi," he is admirably equipped to do this history.

"New England is where my people came from," he said. "When I got here, I felt I had come home at last. I had a feeling I had been here before."

Shepard, who came under the influence of Thoreau and Cooper at the age of 12, is a recognized authority on New England history and the American Indian. As a matter of fact, in 1941, he was adopted into the Mohegan Tribe under the name of "Chief Many Suns."

Two years earlier, in 1939, Shepard wrote "Connecticut, Past and Present." In 1946, he and his son, who lives next door on Jordan Cove, collaborated on the successful Revolutionary War novel, "Holdfast Gaines."

"The story of Holdfast Gaines, a Mohegan Indian, was definitely located right in New London Harbor," Shepard said. "His home was on the site of what is now Connecticut College for Women. In that book, we used the novelist's privilege of changing names and places. It was completely fictitious—but, I hope, also true."

(In 1951, Shepard and his son collaborated on another novel, "Jenkins' Ear," a narrative attributed to Horace Walpole. Shepard regards this work as a "tour de force.")

I asked Shepard if his pleasant home overlooking the water is conducive to work. He assured me it isn't. It and Mrs. Shepard, he complained, make him too comfortable.

"The best place to write is a prison cell, with only bread and water," he said flatly.

In January, Dr. Shepard embarked on a new project: reading—and recording—the works of famous poets, including his own. The recordings are being made available to Trinity alumni throughout the world.

When Dr. Shepard ran off a couple for me, I discovered that although he insists he is "merely a reciter, not an actor," his readings have a lyrical, haunting quality, an astounding range and depth.

He explained, "I go through an intense experience during the readings. It is a revitalization, an experience of living that is almost intolerable. It sometimes becomes overpowering."

That Dr. Shepard succeeds in communicating this intensity of feeling to his audience is manifested by these glowing tributes from Trinity men abroad:

"How wonderfully kind of Odell Shepard to record these poems.

"I got the record and it delights me.

"How kind of you to send me his records. He reads beautifully.

"I received the record yesterday morning. Don't Odell's verse and reflections reveal a world of warmth?"

Dr. Shepard troubled me for another cigarette. He enjoyed his tour of duty as Lieutenant Governor from 1941–43, he told me as he lighted up.

"I learn from every experience," he said. "I try to take the good from each."

Although Dr. Shepard, a Democrat, conceded that "our people tend to look down on politicians," he took sharp issue with this generally unsophisticated point of view.

He asserted incisively, "Great men have to be politicians. When we go back to Benjamin Franklin—statesman, diplomat—the word 'politician' is a noble word. Of course, not all politicians are noble, but we ought all of us to be politicians."

I jotted down these additional Shepard aphorisms:

On life: "Life is not a mosaic; it is a mess."

On men: "Some men can't put their hands on themselves in the dark."

On facts: "Facts are everywhere; just let them lie."

On a woman who wrote a somewhat insipid history of New London: "She was religious, pious, and wrote much verse for children. A charming lady, but not a good historian."

Again, on life: "I have had companionship and solitude in my life—much of both."

On places: "Places have a kind of genius, of holiness—bodiless but unmistakably there."

On body and soul: "We can make no distinction between the human body and the experiences of the soul."

On beauty: "Beauty is not physical alone; it is spirit."

On teachers of "creative" writing (indignantly): "That is like teaching God."

Again on life: "I have had a good life, through no effort on my part."

On history: "History is not as simple as people think. Take a dozen persons who have written about the ancient Roman Empire. These histories are all different because the writers were all different persons."

On Santayana: "You cannot separate the philosopher from the poet."

On order: "I love order, but it needs all the help I can give it. As Holdfast Gaines said, 'The way I look at it, things are becoming complicated.'"

It was almost time to go. I offered Dr. Shepard another cigarette. He took it, we smoked and then I left.

Mr. Computer and Vietnam

EXTENSION OF REMARKS
OF
HON. STEVEN B. DEROUNIAN
OF NEW YORK
IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES
Tuesday, April 28, 1964

Mr. DEROUNIAN. Mr. Speaker, the hucksters try to play the American mind like a yoyo. One day the Secretary of Defense tells us we are ahead, the next day we are behind.

Just the other day the President told the American people how well we were doing in Vietnam, yet in the May 4 issue of U.S. News & World Report there appears a very tragic accounting of neglect of our troops, as indicated by the loss of Air Force Capt. Jerry Shank, who was killed March 24, 1964. I wonder what Mr. McNamara's computer will have to say about this. It is shocking and shameful.

The article follows:

A CAPTAIN'S LAST LETTERS FROM VIETNAM

"We are losing, morale is bad • • • If they'd give us good planes • • •"

(NOTE.—This is an American pilot's own story of the role of U.S. troops in South Vietnam. They are far more than "advisers" to South Vietnam's armed forces. Americans are in the thick of a "hot war," a shooting war. And, often, they are fighting with obsolete weapons against a Communist enemy who is highly skilled and well armed. A vivid picture of the war, the elation and excitement, the frustration and bitterness, emerges from the pilot's letters home—a correspondence ended by his death in combat.)

Air Force Capt. "Jerry" Shank is dead—a combat casualty of the war in Vietnam.

While he lived and fought Jerry Shank wrote to his wife and family in Indiana every chance he got—sometimes twice a day. Those letters make up a moving "battle diary" of a war in which more than 15,000 Americans are fighting and dying in combat against the Communists.

Excerpts from his letters are presented here with the permission of his widow. All references, by name, to his Air Force companions have been eliminated to spare them any possible embarrassment.

NOVEMBER 14, 1963

We're using equipment and bombs from WW2 [meaning World War II] and it's not too reliable. This is an interesting place here. Everybody works together, officers and enlisted. We're out there lifting bombs and such. Every possible time, we give the men a chance to ride. On a test hop or something like that—it gives them a little motivation. We can't take them on missions, 'cause we have to have our VNAF [Vietnamese Air Force] student pilot along.

We 23 Air Force run the whole T–28 war in the Mekong Delta. This will give you some idea of Uncle Sam's part in the war.

NOVEMBER 22, 1963

Been real busy with the armament job—really makes a day go fast. Got all kinds of problems—can't get parts or books or charts describing the different bombs and systems. The Air Force hasn't used any of this equipment since Korea, and everybody seems to have lost the books. The main problem is personnel—no good officers or NCO's over here that really know their business. Most of them are out of SAC [Strategic Air Command] and have dealt only with nuclear weapons. This doesn't apply over here; what we need is someone from World War II. Some days it's like beating your head against a brick wall.

NOVEMBER 27, 1963

Sunday all hell broke loose with the VC (Communist Vietcong guerrillas). We had a big airborne operation against them—both choppers and parachutes. I woke up at 4:30 to fly my first night attack—darker than hell. • • • By 9 o'clock in the morning we had launched 12 sorties, which is a lot for our little operation. The Vietcong got one chopper and one B–26 that day, but we (T–28's) hurt them bad. There is far more detail to this, but I don't want to put it in a letter.

I'm up to 20 missions now and am real confident in myself. I do good work, I feel like a veteran, and I feel like a different man. I think I am older.

I have changed my opinion about the Vietcong. They are not ornery little fellows. They are mean, vicious, well-trained veterans. They are killers and are out to win. Although this is called a dirty little war and it is far from the shores of old United States, it's a big, mean war. We are getting beat. We are undermanned and undergunned. The United States may say they are in this, but they don't know we need help over here.

If the United States would really put combat people in here we could win and win fast. It seems to be the old story of a half-hearted effort.

DECEMBER 4, 1963

I have debated for a week and a half now over telling you of Black Sunday—November 24, 1963. I'm going to tell you and, if you don't want to hear about these things again, well, say so. You do have a right to know.

This was not a typical day. We flew 20 sorties. But the Vietcong hurt us bad. All in all that day, 23 airplanes were hit, one B–26 crew lost their lives, three choppers crashed. The Vietcong won.

What they had done was pull into the little village and commit their usual atrocities, then pull out. But all they had were small arms and rifles on them. So headquarters thought they would teach this little group of Vietcong a lesson and sent this operation I spoke of in after them.

But the crafty little b——s withdrew from the town into foxholes and bunkers and hiding places they had been secretly building for a week. Also, they had many friends in there plus large antiaircraft guns and all sorts of machineguns. So when the first wave of troops went in, they thought it was just a routine chase of Vietcong. But they soon ran against the Vietcong wall and we pilots soon discovered that they had more weapons than pistols and homemade guns. Shrewd plan—and they won.

We could have won, but I could write a chapter on that. I hope you were able to follow that, Connie. A lot happened that day and it happened fast and furious. It's not a good thing to tell a wife, but she has to know—no one else will say it—no one else can or will, I guess. There are no heroes over here but there a lot of fine men—America better not let us down. We can use help. We can win, but America must come over, for the Vietnamese will never hack it alone. We've either got to get in all the way, or get out. If we get out the Vietcong will be in Saigon the next day.

DECEMBER 14, 1963

I do get a kick out of the Vietnamese people. They're poor, dirty, and unsanitary according to our standards, but they're happy and some are hardworking.

DECEMBER 16, 1963

The Vietcong (Communist guerrillas) sure gave them a rough time.

The Vietcong are kind of a Mafia. They terrorize and then they sell "insurance" so that the people will not be harmed again. They strike especially villages where Americans have been seen. They terrorize these villages and then blame it on Americans by saying, "If Americans hadn't come to your village, we would not have plundered and killed, so if you don't want it to happen again, pay us money and don't let Americans into your village."

So you see, they gain from this. First of all, they get money or food; secondly, they instill a dislike for Americans—dirty b_____s. But I do like the Vietnamese I've met and talked to. They are friendly, happy, and childlike—good people.

DECEMBER 21, 1963

We got a briefing today of the total result of that operation on November 24. I'll repeat it briefly.

The air power got credit for 150 to 200 killed. No one can be sure of the amount, for the Vietcong carry off all their dead and wounded. They never let you know for sure how bad you hurt them.

Anyway, there were approximately 700 Vietcong dug in with three .50-caliber antiaircraft guns and three .30-caliber antiaircraft guns, plus many hundreds of other machine guns. They were waiting for us, but we hurt them even though we lost. We lost because we had them trapped and they got away.

It's so mixed up over here—there are over 3,000 Air Force in Vietnam, yet there are only 50 combat crews (B–26 and T–28). What a ridiculous ratio. Also, the Army tried to show the Air Force is no good and vice versa. Ridiculous. Down at Soc Trang, Army and Air Force will die for each other, but up with the colonels and generals it's a big fight for power. And most of these idiots don't even have any idea of what it's like out in combat. They're trying now to find out why we pick up so many hits. The dumb b_____s. We get hit more now because the Vietcong have very fine weapons. There are Chinese over here now.

I think the next few months will tell. Either the Vietcong will quit or this will turn into another Korea. I hope it doesn't take the United States too long to realize this.

DECEMBER 22, 1963

Flew another mission today. We escorted three trains across no-man's land and then struck some Vietcong. Our FAD (the guy in the L–19 who tells us where to hit) received three hits, but we got them. I'm credited with destroying a .50-caliber antiaircraft gun. Bombed him out of this world. I guess I'm a true killer. I have no sympathy and I'm good. I don't try to rationalize why I do it. No excuses. It's a target and I hit it with the best of my skill. It's a duel; only (I repeat) only the best man wins. You can't afford to be second.

DECEMBER 30, 1963

Well, here goes. I got shot down yesterday. We were escorting a C–123 and I picked up three slugs in my airplane. One went into my fuel strainer and I lost all my fuel. I made it to a field called Pan Tho and landed safely. Me and the airplane are both okay, not a scratch except the three bullet holes. No sweat.

JANUARY 3, 1964

Down at Soc Trang, one of the airmen came up with the idea of putting chunks of charcoal in our napalm tanks. Napalm is a gasoline which is jelled into a mass about the consistency of honey. We carry two tanks of it, each weighing 500 pounds. When you drop it, it ignites and spreads fire about 200 to 300 feet. With charcoal in it, the charcoal is thrown about another 200 feet farther, like a burning baseball, and does further damage to Vietcong houses. We've had it at Soc Trang and it works real well.

Tomorrow three birds are going out with one-half of their load of straight napalm and the other half with charcoal napalm (Madame Nhu cocktails). A photo ship is going along to take pictures. If higher headquarters thinks it's all right, then they'll buy us the charcoal. So far we've been buying it ourselves or else "borrowing" it from the kitchen.

JANUARY 7, 1964

Morale's at a big low over here, especially among the combat crews. It's the same old stuff we got in MATS. No consideration for the crew.

Lost two guys today. One was a pretty good friend of mine. The only guess is—the airplane just came apart. B–26—third or fourth that have done that now. Pretty bad day—just hard to find any good news to write. Can't even talk to anybody—nobody has anything to say. Just a blue day.

I don't know what the United States is doing. They tell you people we're just in a training situation and they try to run us as a training base. But we're at war. We are doing the flying and fighting. We are losing. Morale is very bad.

We asked if we couldn't fly an American flag over here. The answer was "No." They say the Vietcong will get pictures of it and make bad propaganda. Let them. Let them know America is in it.

If they'd only give us good American airplanes with the U.S. insignias on them and really tackle this war, we could possibly win. If we keep up like we are going, we will definitely lose. I'm not being pessimistic. It's so obvious. How our Government can lie to its own people—it's something you wouldn't think a democratic government could do. I wish I were a prominent citizen or knew someone who could bring this before the U.S. public. However, if it were brought before the average U.S. family, I'm sure all they'd do is shake their heads and say tch-tch and tune in another channel on the TV.

JANUARY 9, 1964

Had a good target today finally. Felt like I really dealt a blow to the Vietcong. On my second bomb I got a secondary explosion. This means after my bomb exploded there was another explosion. It was either an ammo dump or a fuel-storage area. Made a huge burning fireball. You really can't tell when you roll in on a pass what is in the huts and trees you are aiming at. Just lucky today, but I paid them back for shooting me down.

JANUARY 15, 1964

Another B–26 went in yesterday. Nobody made it out. A couple of guys I knew pretty well "bought the farm."

One of the new guys busted up a 28 (T–28) also yesterday. He thought he had napalm on but he had bombs. So at 50 feet above the ground he dropped a bomb. It almost blew him out of the sky. But he limped back to Bien Hoa and crash landed. The airplane burned up, but he got out all right.

That news commentary you heard is absolutely correct—if we don't get in big, we will be pushed out. I am a little ashamed of my country. We can no longer save face over here, for we have no face to save.

We are more than ever fighting this war. The Vietnamese T–28s used to come down here to Soc Trang and fly missions. But lately, since we've been getting shot so much, they moved up north. I kid you not. First they didn't want to come to Soc Trang because their families couldn't come. Second, because they didn't get enough per diem (additional pay). Third, because they didn't want to get shot at. There were a couple of more reasons, but I can't remember them. These are the people we're supposed to be helping. I don't understand it.

JANUARY 20, 1964

I have never been so lonely, unhappy, disappointed, frustrated in my whole life. None of these feelings are prevalent above the other. I guess I should say loneliness overshadows the others, but that's really not true.

I am over here to do the best job possible for my country—yet my country will do nothing for me or any of my buddies or even for itself. I love America. My country is the best, but it is soft and has no guts about it at all.

I'm sure nothing will be done over here until after the elections. Why? Because votes are more important than my life or any of my buddies' lives. What gets me the most is that they won't tell you people what we do over here. I'll bet you that anyone you talk to does not know that American pilots fight this war. We—me and my buddies—do everything. The Vietnamese "students" we have on board are airmen basics. The only reason they are on board is in case we crash there is one American "adviser" and one Vietnamese "student." They're stupid, ignorant sacrificial lambs, and I have no use for them. In fact, I have been tempted to whip them within an inch of their life a few times. They're a menace to have on board.

JANUARY 26, 1964

I've done almost nothing all week. I needed the rest very badly. I actually think I was getting battle fatigue or whatever you call it. I've got 50 missions, almost all without any kind of a break, and it was telling on my nerves and temper. I feel good today after all that sleep. I kinda hate to go to work tomorrow, for we start 2 weeks of combat again. But I'm rested for it now and am ready.

JANUARY 31, 1964

All you read in the paper is the poor leadership of the Vietnamese, but we are just as bad. Everyone over here seems to be unqualified for his job. Like me—I'm a multi pilot, but I'm flying TAC fighters. We have

no fighter pilots in our outfit. I'm not complaining, but, if the Air Force was serious, they would have sent over experienced fighter people. The same on up the line.

FEBRUARY 2, 1964

I'm getting to like Vietnam. Maybe I didn't say that right. I think it is a pretty country. These little villages in the delta are about as picturesque as you'll find. Tall palm trees, fields of rice, and all kinds of flowers. The people seem happy enough, if it wasn't for the terror of VC raids.

FEBRUARY 6, 1964

We scrambled after a fort under attack. We hit and hit good, but it got dark so we headed up here for Bien Hoa. Pretty hot target and we both were hit. Coming in here to Bien Hoa they warned us that VC were shooting at airplanes on final approach. Well, we made a tight, fast approach and held our lights (it was pitch black) until almost over the end of the runway. I forgot my landing gear and went skidding in a shower of sparks down the runway. Airplane's not hurt too bad. I'm not even scratched. My pride is terribly wounded. That was my 62d mission. I thought I had it "wired" after that much combat experience. Then I go and goof so badly.

FEBRUARY 17, 1964

All B–26's are grounded, so we are the only strike force left.

A B–26 crashed at Hurlburt last week. Another came with the wings just coming off. Finally the Air Force is worried about the airplanes—finally, after six of my friends have "augered in."

FEBRUARY 21, 1964

Tuesday evening ——— ——— got shot down. He fell in his airplane next to a special forces camp and got out without a scratch. The airplane burned completely up, though. [Another airman] was going in on his seventh strafing pass and never came out of it. Don't know what happened—whether he got shot or his controls shot out. That was two airplanes in 2 days. Kind of shook us up.

Not only that, the B–26's have been grounded since Monday because the wings came off one again at Hurlburt. So after the last crash the whole USAF fighter force is down to six airplanes. This should set an example of how much Uncle Sam cares. Six airplanes. Might as well be none.

Rumor now is that B–26's will fly again only with greater restrictions. * * * I'm pretty well fed up. Poor B–26 jocks are really shook. That airplane is a killer.

FEBRUARY 24, 1964

We're down to five airplanes now, all of them at Soc Trang. We have actually got nine total, but four are out of commission because of damage. The B–26's aren't flying yet, but they've been more or less released. I don't know what United States is going to do, but whatever it is I'm sure it's wrong. Five airplanes can fight the war—that's just ridiculous. Tell this to my dad. Let him know, too, how much the country is letting everyone down. * * * We fight and we die but no one cares. They've lied to my country about us.

FEBRUARY 29, 1964

We've got a new general in command now and he really sounds good. Sounds like a man who is out to fight and win. He's grounded the B–26's except for a few flights. But they have to level bomb, not dive bomb—no strain for the aircraft that way. He has ordered B–57's (bombers—jets) to replace them, and has asked for immediate delivery. He has also demanded they replace the T–28's with the AD–6. The AD–6 is a much more powerful single-engine dive bomber. It was designed for this type of work and has armor plating. We are pretty excited about all the new airplanes. We can really do good work with that kind of equipment.

MARCH 13, 1964

McNamara [Secretary of Defense] was here, spent his usual line, and has gone back home to run the war with his screwed-up bunch of people. We call them "McNamara's Band." I hope and pray that somehow this man does something right pretty soon.

Just one thing right will help immensely. He did send a representative over here. All he did was make the troops sore.

One of our complaints was that we can't understand the air controller, so he suggested that we learn Vietnamese. We said we didn't have that much time, so he suggested we stay here for 2 years. A brilliant man. He's lucky to be alive. Some of the guys honestly had to be held back from beating this idiot up. This man McNamara and his whole idiot band will cause me not to vote for Johnson no matter how much I like his policies.

McNamara is actually second in power to Johnson. But, as a military man, he finishes a definite and decided last—all the way last.

Rumors are fast and furious. Nothing yet of B–57's. Rumors that B–26's are all rigged up with extra fuel tanks for long overwater flights. B–26 should never fly again, even if rejuvenated. Also a rumor that B–26 pilots will get instruction in the A–1H—another single-engine dive bomber. All is still in the air—all rumors.

MARCH 22, 1964

Been flying pretty heavy again. We've only got 20 pilots now and 11 airplanes. It keeps us pretty busy. Also got two more airplanes they're putting together in Saigon, so we'll soon be back up to 13 airplanes again. Hope these last for a while.

That was Captain Shank's last letter. He was killed in combat 2 days later.

Edwin Gerald Shank, Jr., was born June 21, 1936, in the small farming community of Winamac, Ind., where he grew up. He studied architecture at Notre Dame University and graduated in 1959 with a bachelor of science degree.

At the university he entered the Reserve Officers Training Corps, received his commission, and was called into active military service in the Air Force in August, 1959. He liked the life of a military pilot and planned to make the Air Force his career. He was assigned to South Vietnam as pilot of a T–28 attack plane on October 15, 1963.

Captain Shank was married to a hometown girl. They had a son and three daughters. He never saw his baby daughter, who is now 2 months old. He was killed while flying an air-strike mission against the Communists on March 24, 1964. He was 27 years old.

A Bill To Strengthen the Antidumping Act

EXTENSION OF REMARKS

OF

HON. THOMAS M. PELLY

OF WASHINGTON

IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES

Tuesday, April 28, 1964

Mr. PELLY. Mr. Speaker, because of the dumping in the United States of substandard low-wage produced fish products and because of the ever-increasing imports of foreign lumber, I am joining with other Members of the House in introducing amendments to the Antidumping Act.

Mr. Speaker, this legislation which I have introduced jointly with other Members is designed to improve the effectiveness of the Antidumping Act of 1921. There is great need for tightening loopholes and assuring fairer, more effective procedures in connection with this law.

My bill represents a merging of proposals embodied in several amendments introduced during the first session of this 88th Congress plus a few proposals which add to, modify, or delete various provisions.

The bill is intended, Mr. Speaker, to return the Tariff Commission to its pre-1963 standards by stipulating that a finding of injury to an industry would result if "in any line of commerce in any section of the country" the complainant can show that he has been more than significantly injured by dumping. This would be true regardless of the presence of other causes of injury. Also meeting other foreign competition and lack of predatory intent are specifically excluded as dumping defenses.

Mr. Speaker, I believe this modified antidumping legislation is constructive and vitally needed to insure that international trade is conducted on a fair and equitable basis. Further, I believe that hearings should be held on this important matter as soon as feasible. It has growing industry and labor support which certainly justifies hearings at an early date.

It is the responsibility of Congress, under the Constitution, to provide guidelines for the administration of a law so vital to our domestic economy as one concerned with injurious dumping. We are particularly aware of the pressure of foreign countries to have our U.S. markets opened up to their exports while retaining their own restrictive measures to limit entrance of U.S. exports. I mention this not in a spirit of protectionist fervor, but in an effort to state what I am sure is discernible as to the underlying realities of international trade.

Mr. Speaker, in this connection let me point up that I am not against full and fair international trade. In closing, let me emphasize, too, that I believe it is imperative for the Congress to act in this field as quickly as possible and my belief is shared, I am sure, by the fishing and lumber interests in my State of Washington who have suffered so from dumping of foreign imports.

Medical Care for the Aged

EXTENSION OF REMARKS

OF

HON. AL ULLMAN

OF OREGON

IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES

Monday, April 6, 1964

Mr. ULLMAN. Mr. Speaker, as a member of the Ways and Means Committee I receive many letters on the problem of adequate medical care for the aged. Older citizens, for the most part, support the principle of hospital and nursing home insurance under social security. Support, however, is not confined to those who will benefit, but includes those who are many years away from retirement. I would like to share with my